NAPOLEON SMITH
Real Estate Promoter

By George Randolph Chester

Captain Hammond passed the gate of the modest Smith residence at a good round clip, for he had his usual scant seconds to catch the eight twenty-seven. An elastic step at his side suddenly swung into perfect accord with his heel and toe rhythm, and a young voice, which nevertheless sounded like that of a "regular man," bade him a very cheerful good morning.

"Mr. Hammond, I want a job," was the next remark of the voice. Captain Hammond frowned and turned to find himself looking slightly upward, straight into the grin of young Napoleon Smith.

Now the grin of young Napoleon was the most infectious and ingratiating joy ever devised.

Meeting the grin, Captain Hammond relaxed and smiled in spite of himself.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"Hustle," stated young Smith in reply to the question.

This time Captain Hammond laughed outright.

"That's the most valuable asset you can own," he declared. "Your name's Smith, isn't it?"

Napoleon admitted that it was.

The eight twenty-seven just then whistled for Briarscot, and both men started to run.

"But about that job?" suggested young Smith again.

"Oh, yes," said the captain, and unconsciously he frowned once more. "I don't know of a thing at our place. You say you've had no business experience at all?"

"None that I care to tell about," replied the other, smiling reminiscently. "All through college I served as a correspondent for various papers, and through vacations I worked on general assignments on the Courier. I could go to work on the paper now, but the occupation doesn't seem to promise much of a future."

The captain nodded his head with a jerk.

"Choosing a profession is like making a wise investment," he said. "I understand your father's estate didn't cut up quite so well as was expected?"

"No," returned young Smith cheerfully. "It totaled to exactly nothing, and nothing to carry. You don't think, then, that there is anything in your place?"

"Not just now," said the captain. "However, I shall bear you in mind."

Captain Hammond strode into his office and fired off his usual morning question.

"Where's Bluffing?"

"Not down yet," said the girl of the straw-colored hair, slightly worried.

About half an hour later, Bluffing, a young man with a big straw hat and puffs under his eyes strolled in, smoking a cigarette, and, after a moment's deliberation, decided that he might as well work as not.

"Mr. Bluffing," said the captain, "I'd like to remind you that the address of this office is 710 Green street, and that we look forward with eager anticipation to the pleasure of your society between the hours of nine and twelve and one and five. If those hours seem a trifle inconvenient to you, you might state so in writing and I'll put the matter up to the board of directors."

"Very sorry, Mr. Hammond," said Bluffing with a wink at the straw-haired girl. "You see, we got caught in a jam at—"

"I don't give a continental what held you," responded Mr. Hammond. "The point is that we want you here at nine o'clock, with no excuse short of a broken leg."

On the second mail an excessively large order soothed the captain somewhat, and at noon the arrival of a tall, black-haired young lady with a color in her cheeks which never came from a chemist's shop, soothed him still more.

"I suppose you have a lot of old business engagements for luncheon, haven't you, daddy? Now tell me yes," she said.

"But I am going to tell you no," replied the captain, all smiles.

"Then," she informed him with a mock courtesy, "I am going to allow you to buy some eclairs and things for a stunning young lady to whom you may point with pride."

"By George, Margie," said the captain, now as gentle as any suckling lamb, "how you have developed! There is just a little bit of a pang in that last remark of yours. Some of these days it will be some other fellow's place to point with pride and fill all other male hearts with envy."

"Indeed!" she said, quite loftily, "maybe that time has already come."

He laughed and closed his eyes for a second.

"I had a queer experience this morning with young Smith, up in our suburb," he said.

"Pole Smith?" she inquired.

"Pole!" he repeated.

"Yes; Napoleon, you know. We called him Pole because he was such a gangling, spindle-legged youngster when we organized the Briarscot Tennis club. Since he's grown handsome he doesn't like the name very much, so we call it to him all the time."

"You know him pretty well, then?"

"Why, he fairly haunts our front porch! Haven't you seen him there?"

"No."

"Yes, you have, I know; but you're a fine, trustful daddy, and you never put a microscope on the young men I bring around."

"What sort of a fellow is this Pole Smith?" he asked.

"Why, daddy, he's a regular, sure-for-truly, cross-my-heart, hope-I-may die fellow."

He looked at her in affectionate wonder.

"If you had all those words in your system, I am glad you got them out," said he. "By the way, I formed about the same impression of your Pole Smith that you've given me. He's good to look at, and I've been remembering that wonderful grin of his all morning. It's like a drink of good wine."

"He's a perfectly grand grinner; he invented it, I think," agreed Marjorie, and they went to lunch.

That evening, just before closing time, Hammond looked suddenly up from his memoranda and snapped:

"Bluffing, did you see about securing that adjoining tract of land for the extension of the Eureka Works?"

"Why—no," faltered Mr. Bluffing. "I haven't seen to it yet."

"You haven't!" roared Hammond. "Bluffing, I am going to pain you. Go do business with the cashier, and don't bother to come back and shake hands. Good-by."

That evening, after having accepted the angry resignation of the girl with the straw-colored hair, the captain took a train 15 minutes earlier than his accustomed one, and stopped at the gray cottage of the Smiths' on his way up to his own big stone residence at the end of the boulevard. In answer to his ring a very pretty brown-haired girl came to the door, and Captain Hammond, whose heart was growing younger through the day's experience, fairly beamed upon her.

"My goodness me! And you're one of the grown-up Smith children, too, aren't you?" he said, as one awakening to a startling discovery.

"Yes, Captain Hammond," she replied, dimpling. "I'm June."

"Where's your brother?"

"Oh, he's up at your house playing tennis, I think. We were just going up to join them," and she looked back over her shoulder and smiled, as a chubby young fellow of about twenty-two strolled out hatless and saluted the captain with a flourish of his hand.

"Hell, Peters!" said the captain; "you're a great one. I never see you twice with the same girl."

"Hush!" said Billy Peters in a careful burlesque of a confidential undertone. "I don't dare encourage any of them too much." And he gave a fine imitation of a man yawning.

"Some of these days, my boy," warned the captain, laughing, "you're going to be so hard hit that it will make a man of you. By the way, June, I'm suddenly so interested in all you young people that I forgot my errand. I understand that your brother is looking for a position.'

"Oh, no!" she said, beaming with sisterly pride, "he found one this morning."

Then the captain, who usually tried to be most circumspect in the company of ladies, forgot himself.

"Hell!" he said.

Napoleon Smith had "scouted" in perhaps a dozen places before a good Samaritan led him to the offices of Forsythe and Spencer. They called themselves promoters, did Forsythe and Spencer, although they chiefly promoted real estate deals and would follow a dollar through Hades, or until they had annexed it. Forsythe's hair, face, mustache and beard were the color of a dish of ice cream, and he looked up at one through shrewd old eyes which bored down through the soul to the pockets.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," he quavered in his high-pitched and nasal voice, "we do need a man, but I'm afraid from what you tell me that you haven't had enough business experience."

"Assuming that you are correct," he said, "how much money would you be willing to pay me?"

"Ten dollars a week."

Napoleon grinned. Forsythe liked that grin; he knew it had commercial value, and he waited with concealed anxiety for the answer.

"And what would I be expected to do?"

"Anything you're told."

"No," decided Mr. Smith. "One gets more money for that. We'll say about 25 dollars, and even then there'd have to be reservations."

Around the corners of Forsythe's mouth there came an unfamiliar twitch, and after a hard struggle the corners turned upward.

"I see," he said. "Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we leave the question of salary an open one. Suppose you work with us for two weeks. At the end of that time, we'll sit down and have a good quarrel upon the matter of pay."

"I'll take you," said Napoleon, with an alacrity which almost startled the older man.

"Come in and meet Mr. Spencer," he said, grimly.

So it came about that Napoleon Smith was put out in Sunnyview and began the herculean task of selling building lots to prospective home-seekers. The first week he was well-nigh discouraged, for, in spite of all his engaging efforts and his pleasing personality, and even despite his grin, the flock of people attracted by the Forsythe and Spencer advertising came and looked at the appalling forsakenness of the place and went away; and by Saturday noon he had only sold eight lots.

"What do you think of that Smith boy?" said Forsythe, rubbing his bloodless old hands together. "He sold eight of those Sunnyview stickers. It's a record for that type of place."

"Keep him out there," advised Mr. Spencer sagely. "And tell him he'll have to do better if he's going to stay with us."

A hint to that effect on the following Tuesday, however, set Napoleon, heretofore humble, upon his defense.

"I'm doing the best I can, and hope to do better," he declared. "What ought my sales to reach?"

"Well—um—not less than 15 lots," stated Forsythe.

The younger man was silent for a moment, looking into the beady little wrinkled eyes of his employer.

"How much profit do you make on those lots?" he suddenly asked.

Mr. Forsythe visibly winced.

"Profits!" he exclaimed. "Um—you see, Mr. Smith, it's impossible to tell until we're all through, on account of advertising expenses, cost of selling, and other items, to say nothing of the heavy investment in the site."

The famous grin sprang into instant illumination, and scared the astute Mr. Forsythe nearly into heart disease.

"Yes," said the owner of the grin with calm joy, "I met the former proprietor of that land out at Sunnyview just yesterday, and he told me your exact investment. I think, Mr. Forsythe, that on Saturday night I am going to have more salary than I have mentioned; or else I may go on a commission basis."

Napoleon walked up on the moonlit Hammond porch and found Billy

"Come on Pole," Said Marjorie, Moving Over. "There's Always Room for One More."

Peters comfortably located on the swinging seat with Miss Marjorie.

"Come on, Pole," said Marjorie, moving over. "There's always room for one more."

"Indeed there's not," declared Billy, moving squarely into the center of the remaining space. "Go away, Pole Smith, I'm making love."

Napoleon regarded him for a moment with tolerant humor.

"All right, Billy," he agreed. "Where's your father, Margie?"

"He's in the library," she replied, laughing as he had done, at Billy Peters' drawling avowal.

As he walked away, Marjorie looked after his tall figure with appreciation.

"Isn't he a certainly fellow?" she observed.

"Declared irregular," announced Billy cheerfully. "Against the rules to ask any smitten swain to praise the deadly rival."

"Billy, Billy," she laughed. "Don't you ever think of anything serious?"

In the meantime, Napoleon sought the library where Captain Hammond, then poring over his plans for the extension of the Eureka Iron mills, arose instantly with a smile of pleasure and extended his hand.

"Well, Pole," he said, "you got away from me."

"I couldn't wait," explained Pole.

"How do you like your new place?" went on the captain, offering him a cigar.

"Oh, it's interesting, though I'm not sure I'd like it for a life occupation. It's wonderful how much business can be done on a small amount of ready money. I find Forsythe and Spencer are swinging that whole Sunnyview deal on an initial cash payment of a thousand dollars, mortgage notes for the balance. They do a big business in options, too, I've found, and they make a dollar go farther than I'd ever dreamed it could reach."

"You've only known the spending dollars," returned the captain with a smile. "A single, ordinary, spending dollar is of no more use than a safety razor at a colored picnic, but a business dollar has no time for foolishness. I'd like to see you succeed, Smith. To do that you've got to appreciate that there's no sentiment or friendship in business, if there is, the business fails. Remember that, will you?"

"I'm not likely to forget it," replied Napoleon seriously. "It was because of such lovable weaknesses that my father failed."

"Yes," admitted the captain. "Your father always was a sentimentalist, and he lost many a good opportunity through it. The sooner you get out of your head, young man, that money has any emotions, the better off you'll be."

"I see," said Napoleon dryly.

"The quicker you see, the better," insisted the captain, dwelling upon the subject so strongly that one might think he had really almost need to defend himself. "Where would I have been if I had stopped for such considerations? As it is, I built the Eureka iron mills out of nothing—a little bit of a 16 by 20 shop, where we made plain castings—to its present 20-acre spread. Not only that, but we must have more room, large additions, too, right away."

"Where is your plant?" asked young Smith with growing interest.

"Out on the Cedarpong division of the L. & I., at Hammondville."

"Hammondville! Why, I pass the Hammondville station every day on my way to the Sunnyview addition, but I never noticed your plant."

"No, we haven't the business advantages that we ought to have," admitted the captain; "I'm thinking of cutting away the sand ridge which shuts off the view of our factory from the railroad."

Just then the telephone bell rang, and the call proved to be for young Smith.

"For whom was the call?" asked Marjorie.

"For me, of course," declared Billy Peters. "I'll gamble it was some one of the girls calling me up."

"No," said Napoleon abstractedly, thinking upon other matters so deeply that he had no time to reply to Billy Peters in his own banter. "It's from June. She wants me to come down and get her."

"Just what I told you," said Billy triumphantly. "I wish your sister would quit following me around. You ought to speak to her about it, Pole. But never mind; you stay here, and I'll go ahead. You may try to make love to Margie while I am gone."

"Trying to make love to Margie is rather a bromide," said Napoleon. "Everybody has the same idea." Nevertheless, he sat down most comfortably and contentedly by Marjorie's side, and allowed Billy Peters to stroll negligently after his sister.

Hammondville consisted of a station and three streets of well-populated workmen's cottages. Beyond, reached by a wagon road and a spur track, was the Eureka plant, a low-lying collection of brick buildings which sprawled in every direction. To the front was a sand ridge; to the rear, the sound; to the east, a stretch of level land; and to the west, an equal area which, however, was one-third marsh. As young Smith stepped into view around the turn of the road, workmen were removing the "for sale or lease" sign from the better tract, and Napoleon stopped to look upon this operation with a trace of annoyance.

"Quick work," he said. Then he approached the workmen. "Who's bought this place?" he asked.

"I couldn't tell you, sir," said the older man of the crew. "Mr. Panz told us to move the sign over to Greeneck."

Panz was the real estate agent whose name was on the board, and with a sigh Napoleon saw he had been correct in his surmise; that the captain had taken extraordinarily prompt action.

"A fool's errand," he told himself. He hurried back to the station, where there was a public 'phone, and called up Panz's office.

"I understand you have a tract of land for sale at Hammondville," he observed.

"I couldn't tell you about that," said the clerk at the other end. "Who's this speaking?"

"Smith, of Forsythe and Spencer's office."

"Oh! I'll find out about it right away, Mr. Smith." Then a moment later: "We no longer have control of that tract. It was sold yesterday."

"To whom?"

"To the Consolidated Hame-ring Manufacturing company, which we understand intends to erect an extensive plant there."

"Good," said Smith. "Thank you," and he rang off.

"Who owns that piece of property to the west of the Eureka iron mills?" he asked the station agent.

"Mrs. McGundy," said the lantern-jawed station agent, scraping his finger nail tenderly over his nose. "She lives in that sky-blue house just to the end of the frog pond."

Napoleon hurried away to the little blue house, where he found Mrs. McGundy to be a globular person cut into two hemispheres by an apron string.

"Mrs. McGundy," queried Napoleon, "do you wish to sell your land over here?"

"Show me the man that will buy it?" said she. "I surely could part with it without breaking my heart. Twenty years ago, when Jim bought it for a song, it was supposed that if we held on to it for 20 years it would be worth all the money in the mint, but in all that time never have I seen the man that would ever be wanting that land, unless it would be Captain Hammond. But he don't want it. Twice I have gone myself to sell it to him, and twice he gave me to understand that if he bought any land it would be the other piece. You're not representing Captain Hammond?"

"No," said Napoleon brisky. "What will you take for the land?"

"Well, there's 20 acres, and it's worth, Jim always said, 200 dollars an acre. That's $4,000. Give me that and I'll take the next steamer for Dublin."

"I can't give you the four thousand cash," said Smith, "but I'll give you one thousand cash, and a mortgage note on the balance, payable in 60 days. You can wait the two months for the collection of that note, or you can probably discount it."

"Let me understand that," said Mrs. McGundy.

He carefully explained to her about the mortgage note, and with each period she nodded her round gray head emphatically.

"It sounds well," she said, "and you seem like an honest boy. But before I say aye, yes, or no, I'll go in and see Mr. McShane of McShane and McShane. Do you know Mr. McShane?"

Mr. Smith was unfortunate enough never to have had that pleasure, and he expressed himself contritely about it.

"What time does the next train go?" he wanted to know. "Can you come to town with me right now?"

Mrs. McGundy looked him over carefully, and glanced at the clock.

"Lord love you, boy!" she said. "What a ragin', tearin' hurry you're in! Oh, well, it's been many a long day since I took a jaunting with a handsome-looking young fellow like yourself, and I think I'll treat myself to it just this once. There's a train goes in about 20 minutes. Do you go down to the station and wait, and in due time I'll come along with my best bib and tucker on."

Napoleon lost no time in getting down to the station, and lost no time, furthermore, in calling Captain Hammond by 'phone.

"This is young Smith, Captain Hammond," said he. "I want to borrow a thousand dollars."

"Oh, you do?" inquired the captain. "On what security?"

"Mortgage on our house," returned Napoleon crisply.

"When do you want it?"

"Within an hour or so. Captain, I want you to let me have the check this morning and let me fix up the mortgage with you tomorrow."

"It isn't business, but I'll do it," agreed the captain after some hesitation. "But would you mind telling me what you want it for?"

"Oh, I have a little real estate opportunity."

The captain pondered a moment.

"You want to be careful about that," he warned. "Real estate deals are not always what they appear on the surface."

Napoleon Smith grinned sweetly into the 'phone.

"I'll guarantee this one to be all right," he confidently affirmed.

"All right," said the captain. "Come into the office and get your check at any time."

On the way to McShane and McShane Napoleon had Mrs. McGundy stop a moment in the lobby of the Kingston building while he ran up to Captain Hammond's office and got his check. Still on the way, he stopped and deposited that check at the bank where he had a small account, and then was ready for business. The broad-boned old lawyer would have made the deal pompous and difficult had he been left alone, but Mrs. McGundy stopped him as soon as she saw his direction.

"Stop your blatherin' and foolin' now, Terrence," she commanded. "Hurry up and finish the business with this young man, I like the cheerful face of him."

After that, Napoleon went out to Sunnyview and sold lots with particular vim and energy.

Mr. Forsythe, having sent for his new assistant in extreme haste in the afternoon of the same day, peered up at that young man with something tigerish in the expression of his white old face.

"I understand that you secured possession of a tract of land in Hammondville," said he, "and that you only purchased it this morning."

Napoleon grinned cheerfully.

"All quite true," he confessed.

"Don't you know that was most unethical?" demanded Mr. Forsythe. "Why, in our employ, and upon our time, you took occasion to do some private business for yourself in our exact line!"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Smith, with no abatement of his pleasant expression. "How do you come to know about it?"

"Because Mr. Hammond called us up early this morning and commissioned us to buy that very piece of ground for him."

The grin of Napoleon was positively radiant now.

"Do you think I ought to turn it over to you?"

"Well not exactly that," said Mr. Forsythe. "But as our employe, you are bound to consult our interests. Captain Hammond has commissioned us to secure this piece of property, which he imagined could be purchased for $4,000. You have purchased it, and I presume intend to sell it to him at an increased price. Now, we might arrange to fix the price between Forsythe and Spencer and yourself, and you and us split the profits."

Napoleon paused for an extra special grin.

"No, I resign," he stated. "That's a still better scheme. Now I'll sell you that land for $6,000 cash."

In vast pain Mr. Forsythe eventually was compelled to call up Mr. Hammond, and inform that gentleman that the land for his extension would cost him the modest sum of $6,000.

"Buy it," directed Hammond.

"I might add," said Mr. Forsythe with a malignant glance at his ex-employe, "that the property in question is at present owned by young Smith, formerly in our employ, but today resigned."

"Smith!" exclaimed Hammond. "Is he in your office now? If he is, put him on the 'phone." And if Mr. Forsythe indicated the captain's desire to Napoleon, he could hear the captain, at the other end of the wire, saying to himself: "Well, I'll be damned!"

"Look here," demanded the captain of young Smith, "did you actually have the nerve to borrow that thousand dollars from me this morning to buy the very piece of property you knew I wanted, so as to compel me to pay you a two-thousand-dollar profit on the loan?"

"That's right, captain," admitted Napoleon cheerfully.

"Well, Smith, don't you think that was a little ungrateful and unfriendly? Don't you think you stepped over the bounds of both business and social ethics?"

"By no means," said Napoleon. "You told me yourself, just the other night, that business knows no friendship, and that a dollar has no sentiments or emotions. Moreover, captain, I intend to retrieve the reputation my father made with you for allowing his feelings to interfere with business. Do you want this property at six thousand?"

"Of course I do, you young ingrate," said the captain.

"All right," laughed Napoleon. "I'll be right over, thank you."

"Thank nothing!" snorted the captain. "I ought to have you arrested."

That night as the captain sat in the library, Marjorie came in to use the telephone, and paused behind her father's chair to pull his ears.

"Who's that you have with you on the porch, Margie?" he asked.

"Pole Smith," she informed him. "He's just telling me all about how well he's going to like business. He says he made $2,000 in one deal today."

"Yes, confound it, he did!" exploded the captain. "He made it out of my pocket and borrowed my money to do it with."

Her laugh upon that was delicious; so much so that the captain stopped to listen to it in positive joy, all his annoyances of the day forgotten.

"I guess I'm a lemon," he confessed, laughing with her.

"A nickel's worth of them," she agreed, twisting two corkscrews in his gray hair. "I should think that a shrewd old business tiger like you would feel humiliated to have a mere youngster like Pole Smith come along and eat him all up."

The captain smiled grimly.

"He's a fine chap, young Smith is," he said.

She slipped her arm around his neck and laid her cheek against his.

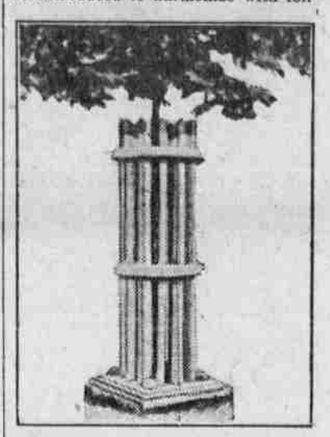
"A fine chap? Just finding it out? Daddy, daddy, daddy! You don't keep up with the news very well, do you?"

HOME TOWN HELPS

PROTECTS THE GROWING TREE

Concrete Box Is Ornamental and May Be Removed When No Longer Necessary.

To protect growing trees with some degree of permanency, the use of concrete has been adopted, reinforced by steel bars and rings, a singularly pleasing design, resulting. The concrete tree box lends itself readily to decorative features, and color may be introduced to harmonize with foli-



age or house coloring. When the tree outgrows its narrow box, it is no great matter to remove the concrete and release the steel bars. While the first cost is somewhat higher than a good wooden box, the lasting qualities of the concrete make it worth while.—Popular Mechanics.

TIME TO THINK OF BEAUTY

Department of Agriculture Gives Good Advice on a Most Important Subject.

The appropriate use of trees, shrubs, vines, and herbaceous plants in the adornment of city, village, suburban, or country home grounds gives a charm and beauty which are interesting and pleasing to the passer-by as well as to the occupant of the home, says the U. S. department of agriculture. Plants are a means of expressing restfulness and beauty. Their gradually changing aspect with the succession of the seasons heightens their pleasing effect and relieves monotony. The changes which occur in the life of vegetation during the year have caused man to speak of the stages of human existence as the "spring," "summer," and "autumn" of life. The leaf, the branch, and the flower, as well as the general form of the plant, manifest a grace and beauty which art endeavors to copy. While art cannot take the place of nature, it nevertheless plays an important part in teaching us to see and appreciate the beauties of nature.

Man should first provide for his necessities, then for comforts, and finally for pleasures. In a new country such as ours, the expenditure of time and means for the adornment of grounds has naturally received too little attention. The people have been necessarily concerned with acquiring lands and buildings. But a stage of development has now been reached when Americans should give more attention to the embellishment of their home grounds.

Street Cleanliness.

Perhaps the most striking difference noticed by the American tourist abroad between American and European cities is the cleanness of the streets of the latter, particularly in such places as Berlin and Dresden.

Clean streets, as the term is understood abroad, are unknown in the cities of the United States. The dirtiness of our streets both in summer and winter, with their clouds of dust charged with disease germs and filth of all kinds, makes walking almost intolerable and imposes on storekeepers and housekeepers a burden of cleaning that is far more expensive in the aggregate than would be the proper and systematic cleaning of the streets.

Only occasionally when the streets are locally flushed can the conditions of our streets be compared with those abroad, where street cleanliness is one of the first principles of city administration.

Generous Gift to City.

An excellent example of an endowment that will be a source of continuous improvement to a city, and at the same time a continuous memorial to its founder is the Ferguson Monument fund, administered by the trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Mr. Ferguson, a public-spirited citizen of that city, gave a bequest to the Art Institute the income of which is to be used for the erection of monumental sculpture, which shall serve to ornament the city. Thus every few years a great work of art will be erected in that city.

Playing Card Output.

According to official figures, about 6,562,000 packs of playing cards were sold in Germany last year, exclusive of those exported. This is equal to a daily average of about 18,000 packs.

Unavailable.

"A pedestrian always has the right of way."

"Yes," replied the timid man. "But what's the good of a right of way that's all filled up with moving vehicles?"

Excusable Mistake.

Patron of Cheap Restaurant—Here, waiter, what's th' matter with this coffee?

The Waiter—That ain't coffee—that's your drinkin' water, sir, fresh from th' lake.

OLD PHILANDER'S GOOD JOKE

Saw No Real Reason Why Three Talking Machines Should Be Going at Once.

Old Philander was playing some records on his talking machine the other evening for a small party of friends. Among them were two or three women who were crazy to hear a certain record. Philander very obligingly put on the record and started the machine. The women instantly got busy talking and made enough noise to drown out the music. Philander instantly stopped the machine and sat down. In about twenty minutes one of the women looked over at Philander and said, "Isn't that simply grand. You have no idea how much I enjoyed that, Mr. Philander." "Dear, yes," echoed the other women. "I am glad you liked it," replied Philander very calmly, while the frost began to gather on the electric light fixtures, "I will now play it for you."—Bert Walker in Kansas City Star.

Hint to Girls.

Girls, listen to this: It is nice to go riding in a motor car with a good looking young man whom your parents believe to be a perfect gentleman, but don't you forget that electric headlights are not a sufficient substitute for a chaperon.—Galveston News.

The larger kind of West Indian firefly gives a light so brilliant that by it printed matter may be read at a distance of two or three inches.

Deer Fight for Two Hours.

After fighting for two hours, two male deer belonging to the Essex county park commission locked horns on the hillside paddock at the South Mountain reservation, and had to be shot to end their sufferings.

It is just a year ago since a dozen mained bucks and does were found on the reservation. Alonzo Church, secretary to the park commission, summoned Doctor Hornaday, of the Bronx Zoological garden, to solve the mystery. He found that it was the season when the larger bucks become vicious, and a number of them were shot. Recently two other bucks which had shown murderous dispositions were also shot to insure the safety of those that remained—South Orange (N. J.) Dispatch to New York Sun.

Kicking Back.

Hon. Alex Appleby, editor of the Leesville (Colo.) Light, is tired of being criticized. "Many people kick because the papers never tell the truth," he says. "Let the man or woman in Leesville who wants us to tell the truth about him or her stand up and we'll try to be accommodating."

Air Purifier.

Charcoal is a certain purifier for musty places, says the New Haven Journal-Courier. Suspend the charcoal in net bags where bad odors and mustiness collect and the atmosphere will be kept pure and sweet. Once a week take the bags down, empty them in a fire pot and heat very hot.